AMUSEMENTS.

Foolish Virgins.

Last Performance To-night at 8.

DARK SECRET.

25c., 50c. - 75c., \$1. Next Week-ARABIAN NIGHTS.

ARABIAN NIGHTS,
BEGINNING MONDAY, DEC. 3.
Seats now on sale.

TO-NIGHT Performance THE MARTY TO THE MARTY TH

UNION SQUARE THEATRE J.M. HILL, MANAGED

under the management of J. M. Hill and Joseph Brook
in the great American comedy,
THE HENRIETTA,
by Bronson Howard.
Evenings at 8.15. Saturday Matines at 2. Carriage
10.45. Seats secured two weeks in advance.

DOCKSTADER'S MINSTREIA

B'way and 20th st. Nightly, 8.30. 8at. Mal., 2.50.

ILLACK FAUST.

HUMAN PARMYARD, TWILIGHT GAMBOIA, 4c.

SEATS IN ADVANCE WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

Casino, Broadway and 30th ea.
Evenings at 8,
POSITIVELY LAST WEEK OF THE
Casino's Most Beautiful Comic Opers Production, the

Casino's Most Beautiful Comic Opera Production, & MARQUIS.

RECRIVED WITH ROARS OF LAUGHTER.

Great Cast. Chorns of 50. Admission, 50e, Monday, Dec. 5, the Sparkling Comic Opera Madelo

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE.
GRESSTVA SEAL OF CHRISTS CITCLE AND BALCONY, 500 MAT. | HELD BY THE ENEMY, MAT.

Next week: Jefferson, Next Sunday: PROF, CROMWELL'S lecture, 70 WONDERS,

WALLACK'S.

Evenings at 8.15. Matines Saturday at 2.15.

Evenings at 8.15. Matines Saturday at 2.15.

Characters by Messes. Owmend Tearls, Harry Edwards, J.

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Consecution of the Control of the Co

BUOU OPERA-HOUSE—SECOND MONTH.

BUOU OPERA-HOUSE—SECOND MONTH.

RICE'S
BURLESQUE
THE COURSAIR.

with its gorgeous attractions.
65 ARTISTS.

Eve's at 8 (sharp). Mat's Wed & Sat at 2

LYCRUM TH PLATER.
L Begins at 6, 15.
The New Comedy.
MATINER.
SATURDAY.
THE WIFE.

ADMISSION, 25 CENTS.

ROBSON AND CRANE, agement of J. M. Hill and Joseph Bro

ARRIGAN'S PARK THRATRE.

EDWARD HARRIGAN

W. HANLEY

Instantaneous and Stupendous Success of
MR. ED WARD HARRIGAN

In his artistic and natural character acting of

DAVE BRAHAM and his Popular Grobestr

Wednesday—Matines—Saturday.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

CADEMY OF MUSIC.

A CADEMY OF MUSIC SPECIAL.

A UNIQUE COLLECTION RELATING TO OLD NEW YORK BOYS.

Belmet Fronts of Boys Who Ran with the Machine-W. M. Tweed's and ex-Mayer Wickham's Among Them-The Youth of Many Well-Known Citizens Recalled by Pieces of Leather, Metal and Paper.



HE business place of Mr. A. G. Smith, in Fulton street, just opposite the Market, has for many years past been the downtown rendezvous of members of the old Volunteer Fire Department. Mr. Smith was a prominent fire laddie himself, as were his father and i grandfather before him, and his lively interest in the organization—that is, defunct, except for social purposescomes to him naturally. One thing, however, which has contributed more than

anything else to make 1830 | Mr. Smith's place a popular resort for his old comrades, is the fact that he has gathered together, in a little room back of his store, a perfect museum of curiosities and relics relating to the old Fire Department, which has

proved of the utmost interest to his visitors. The collection, of which Mr. Smith is very proud, for he has spent many years in getting it together, contains nearly twenty-five hundred different relics and mementoes. Some of these are very rare and cannot now be duplicated. For instance, there are 694 old helmet fronts for privates, thirty-six white officers' fronts and thirty-four presentation fronts, some of them of colossal size. These last, of course, were not meant to be worn, but were simply intended to be preserved as mementoes. A large one, presented by New Haven to the New York companies on the oc-

Mementoes. A large one, presented by New Haven to the New York companies on the occasion of a visit many years ago, is a very handsome piece of work printed in oil-color. Then there are 236 metal badges, 835 silk badges and any number of portraits.

Some of the old fronts present the most in teresting features of the collection. One, which is in an excellent state of preservation, belonged to ex-Mayor William H. Wickham when he was foreman of Hook and Ladder Company No. 15 and bears his name in full. Another has the inscription "W. M. Tweed," and belonged to the notorious ringleader of the political gang that robbed the city of so many millions, when he ran with the famous "Big Six." Zopha Mills, Andrew J. Garvey, who was a member of Friendship Hook and Ladder Company, Alonzo Slote, the clothier, and several other gentlemen who have since become prominent merchants or politicians in this city, many of them still living, are also represented by these battered old leather fronts.

The collection of certificates is very interesting, especially to the old volunteers, for it is extensive and goes back as far as 1808, when the blank form was a colored lithograph. A certificate of 1829 issued to Samuel Y. Smith, is different from any of the others and is believed to be the only one of its kind in existence. One of the oldest fronts in existence is in the collection and is valued at \$100. The original owner is not known. A helmet of the Fifth District Hose Company No. 28, which was a famous organization in the old time is also regarded as a great curiosity, as it is the only one of its kind in New York. Some of the rarest relies are placed under glass cases. One of these is a shrivelled helmet, a piece of hose, with a brass nozzle attached. The former belonged to James T. Laurie, who was killed while attempting an act of unusual daring at the burning of the City Assembly Rooms, 440-46 Broadway, away back in the "fifties."

Among the old prints which have been preserved are portraits of John Decker, assistants, taken in 1859, one of the early examples of photographic art; Zophar Mills, The collection of certificates is very inter-

RELICS OF FIRE LADDIES, and several other famous fremen a colored hithograph of the old John Street Church, dated 1807, and a fire insurance policy issued in 1787, which is regarded as a great curios.

Besides there are many curious old docu-Besides there are many curious old documents and reports relating to fire department matters, including a complete set of corporation manuals, thirty-two in number, the first of which was issued in 1841, fire department rolls, &c., as well as speaking trumpets and much other paraphernalis of the fire laddies, almost each object having an interesting history.

As Mr. Smith says, the value of the collection, which he has been at such pains to make, is enhanced by the fact that nearly everything in it has been in actual service.

VER two hundred

CONEY ISLAND EATEN BY THE SEA. The Brighton Beach Hotel to be Cut Into

Three Sections and Moved Back. The sea has been gradually claiming Coney Island and the beach to the eastward as its own for the past ten years, and the water's edge is now nearly half a mile further north than it was when the beach first became popular as a summer resort.

The asphalt promenade and the broad boulevard from West Brighton to Brighton

boulevard from West Brighton to Brighton
Beach was nearly destroyed last winter, and
it became evident that the Brighton Beach
Hotel must be moved further inland if its
owner, the Brighton Beach Railway Company, wished to save it.

It has been decided to take this step this
winter. The hotel will be cut into three sections and will be moved back five hundred
feet to the line of the front of the race track.
The athing pavilion, which has been twice
removed because of the encroachments of the
sea, is now again over the water, and it will
be removed to dry land also. These changes
will be made in time to permit the opening
of the resort for next season, and the company will also in all probability build a music
pavilion. The change will leave a broad
beach in front of the hotel.

Arrangements are also completed by which
the Brighton Beach Railway will connect
with the Kings County Elevated road at
Franklin avenue and Fulton street, Brooklyn, so that passengers can go from Brooklyn
Bridge to Brighton Beach without change.
Changes at the Manhattan Beach property
will also be made. Among them will be the
conversion of the picnic pavilion between
the Manhattan and the Oriental hotels into a
hotel.

PORPOISE SHOESTRINGS.

They Den't Break on Sunday Morning When You are Getting Ready to Go Out.

" I want a shoestring." This was said in a half querulous tone, as if the young man wanted it in spite of himself and was vexed at his own need of it.

"I wish I could get a shoestring that would not wear out in no time," he continued. "Shoestrings always break on Sunday mornings, too, when you can't get another, and just as you are in a hurry getting fixed up to go out. It is no use to get two or three, because I can never tell where I have put them."

Altogether it was a very sad and distress-ing case of shoestring. It moved the vender of those prosaic articles to a practical sym-pathy.

of those prosaic articles to a practical sympathy.

"What you want is a porpoise-akin string," he said. 'I have had a pair and they have lasted through two pairs of shoes."

The afflicted youth eagerly purchased this wearing pair of shoestrings, feeling that they were wonderfully cheap at 15 cents.

Then the vender went on to explain that in England they utilize porpoise-skins by cutting them up into shoe-strings. These are greasy at first, but the oiliness soon wears off, and they last much better than leather strings.

Hoggishness Acknowledged.

[From Puck.]
Passenger (in crowded car)—Is this seat en gaged?

Occupant-Don't yer see it is? Passenger (forcibly removing bundles, placing them on the floor, and sitting down)—Pretty com-fortable kind of a sty, ain't ist

Design, Not Art. [From Harper's Basar.] "The pictures from my pen and brush, Have roused your ecstasy, And I'm atraid, dear Lancelot,

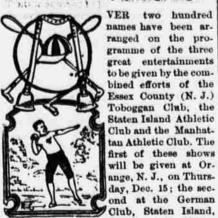
You love my art-not me. "To that I must at once dissent,
O sweetheart fair of mine;
You did not catch me with your art—
You caught me by design."

To one and all we say use ADAMSON'S BOTANIC COUGH

SPORTS OF TRACK AND RING

didness according to the latest MANY ENTRIES FOR THE COMBINED AMA-TEUR ATHLETIC ENTERTAINMENTS.

Rehearents Going on and Two-thirds of the Houses Sold—The Seventh's Games This Evening—Pugliist Farrell on Blackwell's Island-Stevenson Refuses to Act as Referee in the Dempsey-Reagan Fight.



names have been arranged on the programme of the three great entertainments to be given by the combined efforts of the Essex County (N. J.) Club and the Manhat-

on Dec. 17, and the final one at the Metropolitan Opera-House, in this city, on Dec. 20. As rehearsals have been going on for the past fortnight and two-thirds of the houses are already sold, the performances will probably rank with first-class professional efforts.

It is the intention of all square sports in this country not to let the wonderful English this country not to let the wonderful English light-weight, Jem Carney, depart till they have made a strong effort to show him how well he is appreciated. Carney's final benefit in Music Hall, Boston, will be a tremendous success. Al Smith has engaged Jáck Files and George Le Blanche to go on there and give another of their rattling set-tos and a party of well-known club men and better class of admirers of sport in this city are making up a party to go on and take in the fun. Jimmy Mitchell, who is to wind up with the champion, is talking of going over to England with him when he sails.

The Seventh Regiment games this evening premise to go on record as the most successful armory competitions ever held.

Frank Stevenson refuses to act as referee in the coming battle between Dempsey and Reagan. Ned Mallahan was satisfactory to both sides, but he is in a position which makes it seem unwise for him to officiate. The meeting on Dec. 2 to select the referee promises to be an interesting one.

Jack Farrell, the feather-weight who fought the Belfast Spider last March, is breaking stone on Blackwell's Island. He was sent up because he raised a disturbance in an uptown restaurant.

In an interview in Chicago yesterday, Bob Caruthers, the St. Louis Browns' crack pitcher, declared that he would not play in St. Louis next year, nor in Cincinnati, nor in any other place but Brooklyn. He said Brooklyn had his release from St. Louis, and he would sign a contract in a few days at a salary of \$5,000. If he did not play in Brooklyn, he would not play at all, but join his brother in business in this city.

Not Bad, But Hasty. [From Harper's Basar.] Robinson-Do you know, Jonesy, that Brown Jonesy (jumping into the air)-Whe ! what !

when I where! He called me a liar?
Robinson—Yes; he said you were a mighty good looking fellow, but an awful liar.
Jonesy (getting back to terra firms)—Oh, well, Brown isn't such a bad fellow; a little hasty, that's Not a Parallel Case.

[From the Epoch.]
The minister was dining with the family, and he said to Bobby, with an amused smile : "I'm afraid, Bobby, that you haven't the patience of Job."

''No, sir," responded Bobby, who was hungry,
but Job wasn't always helped last."

WASHINGTON, Ga., Feb. 5, 1886.
WM. B. RIKER & SON.
DEAR SIRE: Please send me at once four bottles of
RIKER'S "AMERICAN LIMIKENT" and one bottle
RIKER'S EXPROTORANT (one bottle seems to make a cure
of the WHOLE FAMILY). I inclose \$2. Yours truly,
C. A. ALEXANDER.

Beveral Kinds; Some Got Along

(From Harper's Basar.)
The world is full of pushing women, who, not satisfied with the goods the gods have provided, are still reaching after something else. It does not follow that they are poor or obscure; they may drive in their carriages, have their names bruited about in every daily fashion report, live in ease and luxury, but still, if their nature is pushing, push they will, and will not be happy in any condition even upon a throne. To be sure, the pushing even upon a throne. To be sure, the pushing woman is usually far from the celebrity which she covets. She usually begios by pushing for the necessaries—society, excitement and ducats. To get herself recognized in whetever vocation she chooses—if she gives in for literature, she pushes herself this tae foremost ranks, not a ways by virtue of her merits, but by sheer persistence, pertinacity and audscity; if for society, there are no harriers which have proved effectual to keep her out. In travelling she secures the best seat, at table d'able the best service; first come first served is reversed in her case.

Essex County (N. J.)

Essex County (N. J.)

Toboggan Club, the
Staten Island Athletic
Club and the Manhattan Athletic Club. The
first of these shows
will be given at Orange, N. J., on Thursday, Dec. 15; the second at the German
Club, Staten Island,
final one at the Metro,
in this city, on Dec. 20.
sen going on for the past
irds of the houses are
formances will probably
professional efforts.

Out. In travelling she secures the best seat, at
table d'axis the best service; first come first served
is reversed in her case.
Strange as it may seem, the pushing woman is
not always disagreeable; if she were, all her efforts
would persaps come to naught. She may be vulgar, she may be suchish, but she must be amiable;
she must know sometaing of human nature, how
to manage and cajole her betters, when to push;
she must know sometaing of human nature, how
to manage and cajole her betters, when to push;
she must know sometaing of human nature, how
to manage and cajole her betters, when to push;
she must know sometaing of human nature, how
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to manage and cajole her betters, when to push;
she must know sometains; of human nature, how
to manage and cajole her betters, when to push;
she must be edits, but she is the pushing word in push of the word in the word in the word in the word in the word of

a novel, and we are amused by her difficulties, and her manœuvres interest and instruct us, still we sympathize with her failures if we do not approve of her success,

His Sweetheart Saved His Life, but She Married Another Man. [From the Nashville American.] One of the best known men in Nashville owes his

life and success to his sweetheart. He was born and reared on one of the British isles, the son of s and reared on one of the British isles, the son of a prosperous banker. When nearly twenty-one he had a serious difficulty with his father and was bidden never to darken the doors of his ancestral home. It was iale at night when he left the home and wandered along the moor which bordered the family domain. He was prostrated with grief and remorse find determined to take his life. He sat down and took his pistol out. As he redected, he took a photograph of his sweetheart from an inner pocket of his coat and scanned the well-known features with eyes dinamed with tears. Thinking upon her, hope returned, and he determined to live for her sake, if not for his own. He hastily shoved the weapon into his pocket and started for the railway station. He came to America and drifted to Nashville. He prospered in business, and is now a highly respected citizen. Unfortunately the romance ends here. For years he had no communication with his family, and the letters he wrote his sweetheart miscarried, for shortly after he left, her family moved to a distant town. He returned home a few years ago and sought out his early love. She was married and three children played about her knees. He has consoled himself with a fair American, and considers himself one of the happlest of men. But he has never ceased to thank his stars for the girl who once saved his life; that her influence did prevent him from solicide he frankly stated to one familiar with his life. prosperous banker. When nearly twenty-one he

The Tennessee Girl.

[From the New Orleans Picayune.]
One word about the "Tennessee girl." Is there anything in Nashville so gay and pretty and bright as she? Is there any one so fetching and so enticing? I saw her, a demure little maiden, with a saintly smile, acting as page at the Temperance Convention; she sat opposite me at dinner, wearing a silk gown, all filled in above her plump white shoulders and gentle breast with rose-pink taile that made her look like a new-born Venua. I saw her bending a golden head over her books out at Vanderbilt University, where, by the way, she is to have an "sannex." I saw her at the theatre, wearing a black lace gown, with her brown hair in a Grecian knot at the back of her beautiful head; at the church meeting, and preaching "for women only;" in the street; in the school; but wherever I saw her she was lair to look upon, and whenever I saw her she led my heart "by just the lifting of her eyes." I think I can hear now her easy-going accents, and her soft young voice. I remember all her fetching little ways and "doings;" her unfailing gentleness and thoughtful courtesr, and whether in the future her face will show under the light of the electric lamp or under the tangle of Phyllis's Bre-files. I shall drink, while memory lasts, in champagne frappè or farm-house cider, or good cold water—to the nealth and joy of the Tennessee girl. saintly smile, acting as page at the Temperance

The Cat Spored Like a Human Being.

The curious experience of a year-old maltese cat, owned by William T. Johnson, of Barbour street, is worthy of note. Some two months ago it began a terrible sneezing, continuing in sore straits, snoring in its sleep like a human snorer until, at

SKIN DISEASES.

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant siz months old was attacked with a virulent malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it, but it spread est incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of with aimset incredible reports, until the lower perton of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched and malicious. We had no rest st night, no peace by day. Finally we were advised to try the CUTI-CURA REMEDIES. The effect was simply marrelious. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having GEO. B. SMITH. Att'y-at-Law and Ex-Pros. Att'y, Ash snoe, J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O.

THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN

tre horn into the world every day with some eczemator tching, burning and disfiguration of which make life a

Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the Greet Shin Cure, with a little CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, are often sufficient to arrest the progress of the disease, and point to a speedy and pernanent cure.

Hence, no mother who loves her children, who takes

ng upon them a child's greatest inheritance a skir rithout a blemish, and a body nourished by pure blood-bould fail to make trial of the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Soid everywhers. Price—CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; REGUVERT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND DIFFMICAL CO., Beston, Mass.

EF Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 54 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by HOW MY SIDE ACHES!

Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney and Uterine Pains, Rheumatte, Sciatic, Neural-ic, Sharp and Shouting Pains, residered in one minute by the Curicura Anti-Pain , The first and only pain-killing plaster. 25

length, it was determined, so bothersome had it become, that it must die by chloroform. Monday night, however, a juvenile member of Mr. Johnson's family, who was petting the animal, discovered a wisp of dry grass protruding from between the nostrils. This was supposed to be a splinter of wood, but when the attempt was made to pull it out, it continued to come until nearly three inches had been captured. Blood followed its withdrawal, but kitty was quite happy notwinstanding, and is now in its normal health. It had swallowed green, and the wrong way, this wisp of common wild grass having a small wheat-like head, so that the wisp stuck in its throat. For two months it tried ineffectually to cough it up, but finally the coughing, it is supposed, drove the grass up into the nostrils and thence into the cartilage, whence it respectance, we venture to say, has not been equalled by any known cat in the world.

Hypocrisy in Philadelphia Love-Tokens.

[Prom the Philadelphia Press.]
"I have become a hopeless cynic from my thirteen years' experience as a jeweller," said the foremuch is tinsel that shines as gold that I can only sham. Even when the genuine glittering gold plucked from the bowels of rich Potosi and set with gems of purest ray serene, adorns fair throat or rounded arm or tapering finger, it only produces a sentiment of scorn for the hypocrisy of human nature.

"Let me illustrate. It has been for some time a favorite fad with young men in society, when

one becomes engaged, to present his fiances with a lewelled bracelet, which this leweller rivets on the wrist so this livering to slipped off. This is supposed to be a token of the season tendaged the wester to the doner, and a percetual reminder of fidelity. But in a day or two the young lady receives a note from the jeweller requesting her to call. When she does so she is shown a secret spring, whereby she can put aside the bond at will. And I have observed," added the jeweller, "that although the fair lady protests against making use of the spring, she is delighted to find the secret of it."

Did You Ever Taste Frost Fish? [From the American Angler.]
Few people outside of the guides and inhabitants

of the Northern Wilderness in the State of New York are acquainted with the frost fish of that see ion, for the reason that they rarely ever show tion, for the reason that they rarely ever show themselves during the summer when the tourists and summer visitors are there.

In weight they run from a quarter of a pound to a pound and a quarter. Their fiesh is white and firm and of an excellent quality, and they are even much more sought after than the speckled trout by those who live in the woods. They can only be taken in the fall of the year, when they come into the swift water to spawn, sud at that time they are easily c-ptured in large quantities and saited down for winter use by the guides. They are put up in tubs, only slightly saited, and allowed to freeze soild. When wanted for use they are taken from the tub and cooked, usually fried without having been previously freshened, as is the cise with most saited fish prepared and cooked in this way. The guides consider them far superior as a table fish to either the brook or saimon trout.

[From the Cleveland Leader.]

who was hanged in the o d Cleveland jail in February, 1869, for the murder of Farmer Skinner. When the witnesses of the hanging were admitted within the prison, Davis was being shaved in the corridor within a few feet of the steps leading to the scaffold. He arose from the chair and mingled with the crowd of people. He was quiet, and not in the least confused by his dreadful situation. He chaited with this one and that one, and, approacing the big stove, he asked Dwight Palmer what he hour was. Mr. Palmer replied: "Five minutes to 11." "It's nearly time, isn't it?" said Davis, with a smile. Just then he was called away by the Sneriff.

As he went to the scaffold he was followed by the minuster, the Rev. Dr. Washburn, who lost his wife afterward in the Ashtabula disaster. Davis bowed cheerfully to every one ne knew as he passed along on his death march, and was to outward appearances far less concerned than any other man in the jall. So he bemeaned himself to the end. ruary, 1869, for the murder of Farmer Skinner

AMUSEMENTS. STAR THEATRE.

S Lessoes and Managers... Abbey, Schoeffel & Grau.

MR HENRY IRVING

MISS ELLEN

And the Lyceum Company

TONIGHT AT 8 OCLOCK,

LOUIS XI.

MR. HENRY IRVING

H. R. JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE. Corner Sist st. and 3d ave. Matines TO-DAY, RESERVED SEATS, Last performance To-night. AUSTIN'S AUSTRALIAN NOVELTY CO. 30c. 50c.

PDEN MUSEE, 23D ST., BET. 5TH A 6TH AVER.
GEN. CUSTER'S LAST BATTLE.
GEN'S GREAT PAINTING, "DEUX SŒURS."
Concerte daily from 2 to 5 and 8 to 11.
Admission to all, 50c.; children 25c.
AJEEB—The Mystifying Chess Automaton.

Catarrh in the Head
Originates in scrofulous tains in the blood. Hence the "For 25 years I have been troubled with estarrh in the

iarsaparilla, which cures catarrh by purifying the blood;

it also tones up the system and greatly improves the general health. Try the "peculiar medicine."

"I have used Hood's Sarasparilla for catarrh with very satisfactory results. I received more permanent benefit from it than from any other remedy." M. E. READ,

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

MRS. J. B. ADAMS, 5 Richmond st., Newark, N. J.

"Hood's Sarsaparills cured melof cartarrh, soreness
of the bronchial tubes and terrible headache." R. GIBBONS, Hamilton, Ohio,

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has belped me more for catarrh
and impure blood than anything else I sver used," A.
Ball, Syracuse, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Bold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Propared only by

C. I. HOOD & CO., Apo

A Anna Ayanari Suring. II . IL . A. A. The Wise and the Evenings, Classical Music and Descriptive Lectures,
OPEN DAILY 10 A. M. To 10 P. M.
ADMINSTAN OF TO 10 P. M.
ADMINSTAN OF THE STANDARD STA

The coolest man on the scaffold was Lewis Davis,

Good Enough to Telegraph Anywhere.

(From the Electric Age.)
Nym Crinkle's story entitled, '' In Sheep's Clothing-A Realistic Story of New York Life." that has for a few days past been running in the evening for a few days past been running in the evening edition of The World, is, so far as we are able to learn, the first serial ever sent by telegraph, the article in question having been wired nightly to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and Chncinnait Times-Star, where it was taken on type-writers by those two brilliant operators, Eckert and Brewer. The sending operators who enjoy distinction in this connection are Messrs. Harry Siegfried, who sent the opening chapter, Fred McCrum, Nat Beow and Mr. Griffith.

Secure Seats in Advance, BEWARE OF SPECULATORS Dec. 5, Pete Baker in CHRIS AND LENA.

MAKART'S FIVE SENSES,
Now on exhibition at No. 16 East 14th et., first
floor, from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M. Sunday from 1 P. M.

Poole's Theatre, 8th st. and 4th ave.

10c., 20c., 30c., Mats. Most. Wed. Thur. Set.

Dec. 6, THE STRANGLERS OF PARIS. head, indigestion and general debility. I never had Hood's Sarsaparilla. It did me so much good that I con-tinued to use it till I have taken five bottles. My health has greatly improved, and I feel like a different woman." Mrs. J. B. Adama, 8 Richmond st., Newark, N. J. TONY PASTOR'S THEATRE TONY PASTOR'S LATEST, BEST COMPANY. 24 Stars—All the Best. 5TH AVE. THRATRE WEEKS, THE LAST TWO WEEKS, OF THE LAST TWO OPERACOMPANY.

EVENING ATS. MATINEE SATURDAY ATS.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR

A RMORY HALL VAUDEVILLE THEATES, 169
A and 160 Hester st. The finest variety company in
America. Engagement astraordinary. Hughes and
Clark, Frankie De Forrest and Southern Serenaders,
under management of Billy Speed. "No. really. I've already abused your kindness. No, thanks."
He did not know what he said, nor what Emile Zola questioned his friend with a

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mot so."

ked all
much."
bruptly, here was 'it is Mme. V— "
here was 'which is little "pink hat."

to the ortified.
realized ool, and, ol, and, atic, he he held sol, and, atic, he he held nowever, might be

mot so."

Emile Zola questioned his friend with a glance.

"It is Mme. V— "
And, as he did not recognize this name, his friend added:

"You know. Your little 'pink hat."

His little "pink hat!" Jeanne! Married! Dead!

And Zola, who had removed his hat, bent his head as the memory of the past rushed in on him.

No, surely he had not forgotten this idyl of his young days. For a long, a very long time the memory of the little "pink hat" had haunted him and her image had filled with sweet visions the frightful paths of his second youth.

In the chaste recollections of the poet, in his ardent returns towards the ideal, every-

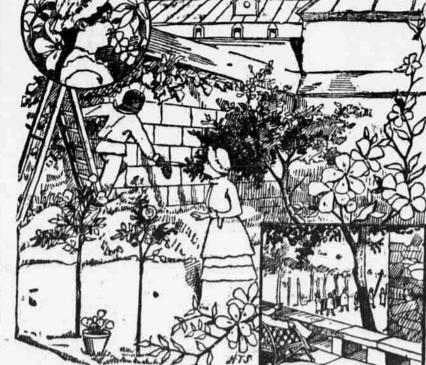
sweet visions the frightful paths of his second youth.

In the chaste recollections of the poet, in his ardent returns towards the ideal, everywhere and always he had found her again, and secretly he had often thought that those ardent letters he had written to a certain imaginary Nanon might perhaps be read by Jeanne, and, remembering the Sundays of long ago, the complicated drama of the grapes, she might perhaps have regret having said "No, thanks," too soon. Yes, too soon, for when he looked back across the sombre stretch of his first battles with real life is seemed to him that his first alarma, his first fits of discouragement dated from this commonplace "No, thanks." which forever dropped the curtain on his youthful illusions. His romance of sorrows began there. He had, step by step, become acquainted with utter misery and the deepest despair.

He had triumphed single-handed and single-handed he remained that day, standing erect in the tempest of jealousy which victory always evokes, naking a shield of his disdain for all that he had fought against, of his contempt for all who hated him.

Ah! He sees himself once again in that desert of a Paris, alone, harrassed by cares, overwhelmed by the crowd, still wrapped up in its eternal timidity and reserve and seling out of place. But already science appears to him as a supreme end. At contact with the brutal realities of life, his passion for analysis awakens; all the phenomena around him are taken advantage of by his introspective nature. He penetrates into the material hidden motives of the purest of human attachments. And now, disgusted by the vileness of life, tormented by the absolute truth that is in him, feeling his last enthusiasm perish in final doubt, the poet is inspired with the red-hotiron of naturatism. He will show man subject to all the account of a shole century sunk in nervace nailed living to the rotten trunk of its old metaphyrical rags and branded on the bars of his physical nature, the eternal dupe of his earthly attachments.

While the de



HE DEPENDED ON THE GRAPES TO TELL HIS STORY. The pink hat is no longer an abstract and

The pink hat is no longer an abstract and isolated phenomenon. It is closely attached to material things. There are thousands like it in all the provinces. At rare intervals he had heard about her. Stupid conversations of neighbors had brought to him, piecemeal, overwhelming revelations. Others beside himself knew of the "pink hat," and knew her better than he. Serious men, commouplace people and indifferent persons—so indifferent that they seemed contemptible to him, approached her without trouble; perhaps, were on intimate terms with her; spoke of her without emotion, calling her "the little such-a-one," just as if it were any young girl and not his own "pink hat."

Bhe was the daughter of a well-known builder of bridges and roads. These things blast a dream!

perhaps, never return.

Unable to keep his secret any longer he one day confided it to his mother. She was just the very person he should not have spoken to about it; mothers having excellent reasons for not understanding these sort of.

rending.
When all seemed finished he desperately

secrets. His love became a subject of daily jests and no notice was ever taken of it except as a foolish whim of a sentimental child. Thus matters stood when one fine morning

He did not know what he said, nor what she replied.

"I assure you, I assure you—it is not so." He insisted. He would have plucked all the grapes in the garden.

"No, I beg you. It would be too much." She uttered a pearly langh, and abruptly, though gracefully, turned about. There was the rustling of the pleatings of a white dress on the grass, a final "No, thanks," which gave a commonplace enough ending to the episode, and the pink hat was gone.

Left alone, Emile felt terribly mortified. His presence of mind returned, he realized that he had been nothing but a fool, and always inclined to be melodramatic, he made a solemn vow, swearing by all he held most sacred in the world—without, however, bothering himself much what this might be—by his wounded self-love, perhaps, to get even with all the girls in pink hats.

III. In 1879, on a bright morning in spring, the author of the "Rougon-Macquart" series was seated on a balcony fronting the Mirabeau Square at Aix. The express from Paris had a short time before brought him to the scene of his childhood's days. He had come to breathe for a few days the air of his native to breathe for a few days the air of his native town, to bask in the sunshine, to forget the feverish struggles of life in Paris in the calm repose and the revivifying oders of his beloved Provencal country. And this morning he was quietly chatting about the past with the companion of his youth, Paul C., the artist. This deuce of a C. had any number of souvenirs. There was no tale, however ancient, of which he did not remember the slightest details. His head was filled with or souvenirs. There was no take, however ancient, of which he did not remember the slightest details. His head was filled with facts entirely forgotten by others, with names and things long since dead and buried. One often meets these retrospective minds, these memories filled like graveyards, in which men and things have planted their tombstones and signed their dates, in which one finds in a sort of a crystalline form the excavated miniature of an entire epoch.

Emile Zola liked to listen to this voice, speaking from the depths of forgotten times, of vanished years, gently touching on his own life, lingering on good points, siurring over regretted events, stirring up with precaution oceans of dead leaves he deemed long since scattered in every direction.

"You remember twenty years ago? You remember such a one?"

"You remember twenty years ago? You remember such a one?"

No, he did not remember. So many things had happened! Life's torments had effaced so many imprints, had reduced to dust so many former wrecks, he had not had the leisure to watch over the heaping up of his recollection. In his hand-to-hand combat with life, with art, with Paris, many things had been forever shattered, and each year which added a wrinkle to his brow effaced a souvenir in his heart.

A funeral procession passed through the public square. It advanced slowly. In the slight rolling motion, imparted to it by the pall-bearers, with heads lowered as in antique bas-reliefs, the coffin, unders its roses and violets, seemed to shake with sobs.

A throng followed, bare-headed, sad and mournful, as are all the funeral gatherings in Provence, where death strikes home the most.

READ NANA.

EMILE ZOLA'S FIRST LOVE

HEN 11 o'clock strikes on Sunday mornings the streets of Aix, in Provence, assume a peculiar aspect. It is the hour when the common folks and the aristocracy freely forget the distance which separates them during the rest of the day, to mingle under the same sacred arches in adoration of the

same God; the hour when pious devotion wks. bastens its step towards the Cathedral of the Holy Saviour, when the gilded prayerbooks glitter in daintily gloved female But what characterizes this hour more than all else, what marks it from one end of

than all else, what marks it from one end of the town to the other—even to those who have dropped all religious, observances—are the long files (like flocks of sheep) of little boys in uniform and girls in white dresses which pass through the streets, two by two, slipping on the wet pavement or grass plots, marching along the rows of old mansions, as cold and cheerless in appearance as tomb-stones. as cold and cheerless in appearance as tombstones.

The column which has just come into
sight at the upper end of the street presents
an appearance hardly in accordance with the
duty they are supposed to be fulfilling. It is
composed of about thirty little boys dressed
in bottle-green cloth trimmed with blue, who
seem to be trying to hide the ennui of a pious
performance under an assumption of profane
cheerfulness. They perceive a file of girls in
white dresses coming up the street and passing into the church, and that suffices to lead
astray the opinions of all these young heads
as to the real mission of cathedral bells on
earth.

earth. "The Notre Dame boarding-school," said "The Notre Dame boarding-school," said a lady to her son, as they ranged themselves against the door to let the head of the column pass in. The Notre Dame boarding-school occupied the narrow siale which divides in the centre the seated throng of worshippers.

The last scholar who enters is a young lad about nine or ten years old, his robust form in strange contrast with his timid and profound glances. The mere fact of entering the church seems to greatly embarrass him.

His right hand half hidden in his pocket, trembles perceptibly; he gazes steadfastly along the row of seats occupied by the short white dresses.

white dresses.

He starts.

At the very end of one of the right rows he has perceived a little pink hat whose coquettish ribbons frame the pretty face of a dark-complexioned young girl.

Now, watch him move right up against the pew where she is seated. He gives a short cough, his hand opens and the back of an attendant standing a few paces in front of him—a back as menacing as if it had eyes—seems to suddenly captivate all his attention. Who would dare suspect this young slyboots of having anything to do with the scrap of paper which falls into the young girl's lap? Assuredly not she. She does not even think of it, and the reproachful glauce she casts at a certain St. Thomas hanging in the nave—a St. Thomas painted by a local artist, of such exaggerated incredulity that his entire hand disappears in one of the wounds of our Lord as if in a natural pocket—the reproachful glance she casts at this doubter seems to indicate that she deems him alone capable of playing such tricks with young girls of her age.

And at the same time a manœuvre—unconscious, no doubt, on her part—causes the scrap of paper to disappear between the pages of her prayer-book, on the very spot where she had carefully placed a lace-fringed picture showing a heart devoured by flames, with the words. "Panse, this is Jesme's heart."

where she had carefully placed a lace-fringed picture showing a heart devoured by flames, with the words, "Pause, this is Jesus's heart."

It was a perfectly pure kaison, limpid as the southern sky, an epistolary kaison without a vice except, perhaps, an orthographical one, finding sustenance in prayer and fancies; in those subtle nothings which inflame the childish imagination—a glance of the eye; an understood gesture, incomprehensible to everyone else; the charm of the loved one's name resounding like a sweet strain in the midst of a dreamy reverie; the ineffable tortures of love from afar, deprived of the raptures of speech, deifying the beloved all unknown to her, surrounding her forever with mute tenderness, with unsuspected caresses.

For months, during the sultry Sunday

caresses.

For months, during the sultry Sunday evenings, a young lad with rosy cheeks and weird eyes might have been seen loitering in the Rue de l'Horloge, under the windows of the old mansion built in the style of Louis XIV., which served for a boarding-school for the young girls in short white dresses, doubt-lessly listening to the rustle of these dresses and wondering which of these three names, the prettiest in the calendar: Marie, Jeanne or Adrienne, might be that of the girl in the pink hat.

or Adrienne, might be that of the girl in the pink hat.

He had, at least, the consolation of knowing that she was not ignorant of his. He had signed in all his letters, more than once. Faile Zola. A very sweet name when he came to think about it, this name of Zola, which ought to melt like honey on a young girl's lips. Indeed, perhaps too sweet.

This name gave no inkling of the sorrows of his childish heart, of the revolts of his young being against a lot of things obnoxious to his personal tastes; of his precocious fits of mental depression; of his stout, stolid form which made him lazy and taciturn and of those gloomy vagarles which turned on himself and imperiously compelled him to discover what truth, if any, there was at the bottom of all things. No, it said nothing of all this.

"Emile Zola" as he often cave his pro-

"Emile Zola," as he often gave his professor occasion to remark, "was merely the pitiable name of a stout and bashful scholar, averse to all serious work, vary much behindhand for his age, and who surely would never amount to anything." II.

old. He is at the college of Aix, in the fourth

old. He is at the college of Aix, in the fourth class. During the intervening time the family has sustained a sad loss. His father is dead, and the shadow of went seems already to hover over their home. They have moved from the town to the country, into a dismantled dwelling, surrounded by seven or eight acres of land, on which freely sprouts a luxuriant and wild vegetation.

Grown a little wild, like the grass and the trees of the orchard itself, with a nature at the same time turbid and refined, in which lay dormant as many high aspirations as mere sensations. Emile has reached the age in which the heart imprisoned under the student's gown is apt to become corrupted. But he is so little of a student that he hardly deserves any great praise for resisting the contagion. With him love of nature, of sunshine, and especially of shooting, triumphs over the most permicious examples. When the whistle of the decoy birds sounds down there under the dead twigs laid in the direction in which the wind blows, Emile readily forgets the college of Aix.

And yet there is nothing in him left of the little sentimental schoolboy of six years ago. Only one vision remains, pure and perfect, preserved in the innermost recesses of his heart. That of the "pink hat," that sweet girlish face, the guardian angel of his poetsoul, and the memory of which the years could not efface. It still fills his heart with occatain thrills.

builder of bridges and roads. These things blast a dream!

Despairingly, feeling his vision escaping him, snatched from him by the high social relations of the builder, he held on to it in spite of all, without, however, indulging in any delusions as to the future, and viewing the situation with that heart-pang which he would have felt in following, in his thoughts, a vessel bearing his most cherished hopes towards distant lands from which it would, perhaps, never return.

Thus matters stood when one line morning our student, occupied at the moment in tracking the game in the woods, heard his mother call him. He ran up, muddied up to his waist, his hair soaking with perspiration and tangled like a clump of wheat after a hurricane.

He found himself in the presence of two slidarly ladies and a very graceful young girl.

He found himself in the presence of two elderly ladies and a very graceful young girl. It was the "pink hat," but a pink hat orna-mented with all the charms of sixteen sum-mors; a pretty girl, with already budding form, and as little like the boarding-school miss he had known as if she had really re-turned from the distant and unknown lands towards which her image had been steering for years.

for years.

They saluted each other with a momentary blush, like persons who had never seen one another, and Emile's mother having asked him to pluck some grapes for Mile, Jeanne, he conducted Mile. Jeanne into the garden.

He felt ashamed of being so muddy, so homely, so little worthy of being the object of any pretty girl's attentions. It was a sad shock to his vanity, and revived all his bashfulness, his childish awkwardness.

The time and the place only served to agshock to his vanity, and revived all his bashfulness, his childish awkwardness.

The time and the place only served to aggravate matters. The almost tropical landscape around them seemed to be sleeping, but in reality was lying in wait for them, with thousand entrancing snares for their steps. Impenetrable foliage, sweet and cool, enveloped them, the thick grass they stirred up sent them, as if wafted by a mysterious fan, intoxicating puffs of sage and lavender: the humming music of insects rose from a thousand invisible throats accompanying their footsteps, singing the mysterious romance of this waning Provencal summer. But no, never would he be able to say even wowds to her; he felt it. He weake: at the nerve thought of calling her "mademoiselle." in each syllable he saw the beginning of an avowal.

for years.

at the nerve thought of calling her "mademoiselle;" in each syllable he saw the beginning of an avowal.

Pale, with compressed lips, the sensitive
youth comprehended that the poignant, tragic
avowal of his love would be like a clap of
thunder in the midst of this concert of physical delights. For a moment he had depended on the grapes to tell his story, in the
way he plucked them, in the manner he
handed them to her. She would, perhaps,
divine, by the trembling of his hand, that
they were not ordinary fruit, good enough to
whet a gourmand's appetite, but the grapes
divine of his very heart, germinated in the
mystery of the Sundays of former times,
ripened in the ardent sunshine of his passion;
grapes full of grave import and significance.
But, alas! She did hot even see his sombre
looks, his despairing attitude; thoughtless
girl, she did not see any allusion to the past
in these symbolical grapes which he culled
with unheard-of precaution, as if it was the
most delicate operation in the world.

And all this happened in the most matterof-fact way; hundreds of golden grapes dis
appeared between Jeanne's ruby lips without
giving the least onportunity for a tear to fall
from Emile's swollen eyes; for a sentimental
aspiration to escape him of all the many he
had massed up in years. It was heartrending.

When all seemed finished he desperately